

CAPITOL CITY COURIER

VOL. 3. NO. 17

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888

PRICE FIVE CENTS

FROM THE NORTHWEST. PORTLAND, ORE., AND ITS CLIMATE

The Country, Its Settlers, Customs, and the Trip From Lincoln as Seen by a "Courier" Scribe.

Well, it seems almost an age since I left Lincoln and yet it is but only a few days ago. The journey, however, is so long and at times so very tedious and monotonous that time drags instead of passing by pleasantly, as one would expect. Leaving Lincoln in the morning at about 8 o'clock the destination point is reached at 7 a. m. of the fourth day, making the trip in a little less than three days, and as far west as Cheyenne the journey is a very pleasant one.

The surrounding country is well settled, the eye ever viewing the improvements in nature on either side of the track that have been added to the landscape in the last few years. The new "Overland Flyer" on the Union Pacific adds much enjoyment to the trip over what it was formerly, (thanks to the deceased Potter), for now instead of dragging along at twenty miles an hour the Pacific coast seeler is journeyed at the rate of forty to fifty miles an hour, saving an entire day in time between Lincoln, Omaha and either San Francisco or Portland.

The change in train service is a noticeable new feature, and the new rolling stock adds much to the beauty of the Union Pacific's immense trains. On the "Flyer" we find no antique cars of the 49 period, but all new coaches of the most modern improvements. They were built by Pullman, and have the same cushions and many of the finishings and furnishings that are found in the celebrated sleepers of this make, but of course not quite as elaborate.

The "Flyer" leaving Omaha makes a picture to behold, forming as it does a line of four and five sleeping cars, two day coaches, besides the baggage and express cars and sometimes more, as the travel demands. To some it might seem queer to have so many sleepers, but they have each a destination, viz: Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake and one or two other points. The trip after leaving Cheyenne is almost void of interest, save an occasional point where an antique structure is seen; a stray Indian or something on that order. At Granger we leave the main line of the Union Pacific and enter the Oregon Short line, and for hundreds of miles we see night but sage brush and sand, with mountains on either side, and gazing on the latter we wonder how and why nature has shaped them thus; so rugged, immense and massive, we find ample time to marvel at the chain of so much mountainous country and to think of what hidden treasures that lie therein yet for man to discover.

Along the line one can see an occasional "hole in the ground" in the mountain sides, here and there a flame, and the loose earth strewn about shows that the prospector has been in the field with pick and shovel. And so the journey goes on without anything of particular interest to note, until we near the Dalles, a station on the Oregon Railway Navigation Co's line.

From this point west it is noticeable that true civilization exists, for once again agriculture is progressive and the products yield bountifully and of excellent quantities. However, the scale on which the work is carried on and in its acreage, has no comparison to our Nebraska fields. Chinamen do the work and are considered very successful. The country from Dalles is very interesting and beautiful, entering as it does and following it closely up for more than a hundred miles the famous Columbia river. On its banks we see large numbers of fisheries and saw mills. The country is thickly timbered and of late years the cutting of this wood has been as freely taken up, and shipping to eastern markets has been common. The wood is of red color and is said to be the finest building lumber in the United States, and I am told that rich eastern syndicates are buying up land and will ship all their products to eastern markets.

It is now Wednesday and I am in the great city of Portland, nearly 2,000 miles from home, but yet I do not feel lonesome; on the contrary, having met numerous friends, feel quite at home.

Seated at the Gliman house I am told by a friend that the population is "badly mixed" and that the town is not settled particularly by any class, but that the English people are most prominent. There are numerous Germans and a liberal supply of Israelites, with of course the greater majority being native born Americans, many of the old inhabitants having lived here from twenty to thirty years.

Unfortunately for me, I struck the rainy season, and now the day is gently falling and the atmosphere is chilly. This the citizens claim is their most disagreeable season and to hear them grumble one would think they hate it like a Nebraskan hates a blizzard, but I don't find it very disagreeable. It is not a very heavy rain, but very light and does not seem to be as drenching as our Nebraska rains. No thunder and lightning accompany the storms, and during them you can see ladies out shopping and the streets are full of people as at any other time. They get used to it and don't mind it. This weather, however, only continues about three out of twelve months, and the balance of the year has such delightful climate that every resident speaks of as being the best in the world. Contrary to expectations, there is but very little sickness.

The annual eye boathen is here in all its glory and in Portland today the Chinamen have a population of 5,000 to 7,000. They are to be seen everywhere and are generally considered honest, trustworthy and industrious people. As cooks they have no superiors here and are found in many other important places. People here seem to favor them in preference to white laborers, and among them we find many very wealthy persons who live good style, but do not own their homes, nor are they allowed to, but always lease. Here, like in San Francisco, they have certain streets that they principally inhabit, and as a rule are very clean and tidy. Their stores look nice and business-like and their living here is peaceful and quiet.

Among those whom I met since leaving leaving Lincoln was Mr. D. I. Kaufman, formerly of Hyman & Kaufman, of Lincoln. He is travelling for one of San Francisco's largest grocery houses and apparently is doing well. I met him in Oregon near here.

Like in San Francisco and Denver the fashion here is also quite English regarding the manner of living, viz: Breakfast at 8 to 10, lunch 11:30 to 2:30 and dinner at 5 to 8 o'clock. It is a good custom and I have become quite pleased with it and now enjoy it better than our usual custom of eating. Nearly all hotels here are on the European plan, but there is not a first-class house here—that is, none to compare with the Paxton, Millard and that sort. However, the foundation of an immense hotel is now ready for a fine structure. Some several years ago Villard, the great Northern Pacific man, started to build a \$800,000 hotel and when the super-structure was finished, costing \$50,000, now capital is being raised to complete the structure and when done it will be the beauty of the Pacific coast.

I leave tonight for Victoria, B. C., via steamer, and will be in Portland again next week, expecting to visit Seattle and Tacoma also before returning. Will write further regarding the great northwest. Lou W., Portland, Ore., March 29.

War Song Concert.
The Alpha society of St. Paul's M. E. church gave one of the most delightful entertainments of the season Wednesday evening, in the church parlors. It was termed a war song concert, the program containing such old favorites as "Swanee river," "Tenting on the Old Camping Ground," "Marching Through Georgia," etc., sung many years ago by the boys in blue, now known to us as "vets."

The church was elegantly decorated, flags, bunting and banners being elegantly festooned in profusion. The musical program was a very interesting one. Such well known vocalists as Mrs. Weber, Mrs. Dor, Mrs. Raymond and Messrs. Harmer, Churchill, Camp and Burnham appeared in one or more selections. Miss Georgia Taylor gave a clever imitation of the life and drum in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," on the piano, and Miss Josie Loughridge recited "Drafted into the Army." A supper of hard tack and coffee followed, and the entertainment pronounced a great success.

Delights of Literature.
First Sweet Girl—That is just a perfectly lovely book you loaned me, so full of delightful mystery, I'm just enchanted with it.
Second Sweet Girl—Isn't it sweet? How far have you got?
"To the place where Eleanor is bidding good-by to her relatives on her death bed."
"Oh, she don't die."
"She don't?"
"No. She gets well and marries the young doctor."
"How charming! But she was engaged to her cousin?"
"He marries Blanche."
"Dear me! Then what becomes of Arthur?"
"He marries Adelle."
"Isn't it lovely! But Adelle is engaged to Gynedre?"
"He dies; falls from his horse. The horse was purposely scared by a vengeance vallet who afterward commits a regular murder, and—"
"Yes, I know; gets hung. That's in the last chapter. I looked over that, but I couldn't imagine what interest there was in a vallet. Some authors nowadays make the last chapter miserably uninteresting."
"Yes, isn't it mean! Let's go over to Annie Blank's moment. She's going to let me have one of her books and she said if I'd run over this afternoon she'd be through with it and could tell me all about it."—Omaha World.

Cannot Expect Too Much.
She (after the theatre)—I see that strawberries are on the bill of fare, George.
He (nervously)—Yes; but they are very sour at this season of the year.
She—Of course; but I think I will take a few, even if they are sour. One cannot expect strawberries to be at their best in March, you know.—Life.

An Indian Boy's Composition.
Here is a composition written by Fred Big Horse, a smart 13-year-old Sioux boy, who has been a year or two at the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. Fred is evidently out for a newspaper humorist. The title of the composition is "Monkeys," and this is what he writes about them: "There are many kinds of animals. Monkeys and monkeys, etc. The monkeys are very much like a monkey, too. The monkeys can climb a tree like a monkey. They have long fingers like a monkey. The monkeys have long tails and long bodies like a monkey. They often play a merry game and sing a merry song like a monkey. Once upon a time my friend and I were young men that time we took a trip we started off from Dakota and away we went and then we went to South America. There we saw the monkeys and monkeys everywhere on the trees screaming and chattering everywhere on the trees. They were very cheerful like monkeys. We saw all kinds of monkeys in South America; we caught a ship load of them and brought them back to the United States and sold them for so much money. They took the money to buy a big balloon and it blew away. Then we had no monkeys, no money and no balloon."—New York Sun.

Cheaper to Move.
A stranger in Fort Worth, Tex., was struck by the sign, "Commercial Detective Agency," that was painted on the doors of offices all over the town. Speaking to a citizen of the place, he asked if this agency was not a large affair, saying that they seemed to have offices all over town. "Ah, that is old Bill Bowers," was the reply. "He finds it cheaper to move than to pay rent."—Detroit Free Press.

Nervous.
Mrs. Kendrick (the landlady)—Is your seat comfortable, Mr. Dumley, or are you too near the fire?
Dumley—No, I am not too near the fire, Mrs. Kendrick, but I think I am—a—bride too near the butter.—Drake's Magazine.

MERRY WEDDING BELLS.

The Marriage of Lieut. Bennett and Miss Jennie Hayden a Brilliant Event.

The social event of the season was the marriage of Lieut. C. A. Bennett, of the Third Artillery U. S. A. and Miss Jennie Hayden, at the residence of Mr. K. K. Hayden, cashier of the State National bank.

The ceremony took place at 2 o'clock in the presence of relatives and a few friends of the family.

The bridal party was preceded by little Bessie and James Hayden, bearing baskets of flowers. The bride came in with her brother, K. K. Hayden. The groom with Mrs. Mary E. Hayden, the mother of the bride, followed by Mr. Stuart Hayden and Mrs. Ashbel Patterson, brother and sister of the bride, Mr. Ashbel Patterson and Mrs. K. K. Hayden, Dr. J. H. and Mrs. Peabody, uncle and aunt of the bride. The bride wore an elegant dress of heavy white silk, her only ornaments being the orange blossoms, veil and old point lace, which was the gift of her aunt, Mrs. Peabody. Mrs. Patterson wore cream white lace; her ornaments were diamonds, her corsage and hand bouquet were of white fabric. Mrs. K. K. Hayden wore a white fabric. Francis Kirk with over-dress of lace; her ornaments diamonds, her corsage and hand bouquet, Jacquinet roses.

Mrs. Peabody wore a Parisian costume of silver grey bengaline silk, decorated with steel and silver passementerie; her ornaments were an antique set of pearls and rubies; her flowers were pink tea roses. The bride's mother wore her usual simple dress of black that she adopted when she entered the "Order of Deaconess" in the church, wearing the cross denoting her vocation. The groom wore the full uniform of an officer of the Artillery. The attending gentlemen were dressed in the usual conventional black. The party entered the parlors to the ravishing strains of the march from "Lohengrin," where they were met by the Rev. F. R. Millsbaugh of Minneapolis, who came down for this occasion, having married all of the other members of Mrs. Hayden's family. Mr. Millsbaugh was assisted by Rev. Alex Allen of Lincoln. The service was impressive and beautiful, as characteristic of the Episcopal form, and was rendered in a faultless manner.

The decoration of the house was the work of E. E. Parsons of the Nebraska Floral company of this city, and gave great credit to his taste and skill. Palms and blooming plants in pots were grouped here and there, and festoons of smilax and wreaths of flowers were suspended from chandeliers and arched doorways. The table with its streamers of smilax and ribbon and burning fairy lamps, called for special attention, looked down as it was with its dainty and substantial fare. The wine flowed freely, and every one pronounced the refreshments to be both elaborate and delicious. Although at noonday, the windows were closed and darkened and every light was extinguished, adding an indescribable charm to the whole affair, the reception that followed was one of the largest and most agreeable ever yet given in Lincoln. Each guest seemed to feel as if it were their own wedding day, leaving behind them many compliments for the genial host and hostess, and all manner of good wishes for the happy bride and groom. Telegrams of congratulation were received from Omaha, New York, Washington, Fort Monroe and other points. The presents were numerous and costly. The "souvenirs" for the ladies were tiny satin bags, hand painted and enclosing slices of the wedding cake. The gentlemen received button-hole bouquets of choice flowers. The bride is well known in this city, Omaha and Washington City, where she has many friends who wish her much joy and happiness. The left the same evening over the Missouri Pacific for a month's wedding tour, after which they will be "at home," to their friends at Washington barracks, Washington, D. C. Among the guests from abroad were Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Yates, and Miss Florence Yates, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Yates, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hayden, Hon. J. M. Woolworth and Mrs. Woolworth and Miss Menie Woolworth, Gen. and Mrs. C. W. Frederick, all of Omaha. Mr. and Mrs. Ashbel Patterson of Mason City, Ia., Rev. F. R. Millsbaugh of Minneapolis, Minn., Rev. Alex Allen and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brown, Lieut. and Mrs. Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Oakley, Mr. and Mrs. Potvin and the Misses Potvin, Mr. J. H. McMurtry, Mr. and Mrs. Storrs and Mr. Louis Storrs, Mr. H. C. Eddy, Mr. S. A. Badger, Mr. H. Freeman, C. E. Waite, Mr. Cornish, all of Lincoln. The general reception that followed included all of the elite of Lincoln and continued until 6 o'clock.

The Burlington Flyers.
General Passenger Agent Eustis was in the city Wednesday and it is his authority we announce that Nos. 1 and 2, the Chicago-Denver Flyers, will be put on again permanently next Monday. This will be cheerful news to travellers, for it had been rumored that these trains would not be run on again.

They know just how to please you with oysters in every style at Brown's New Vienna Café.

To the Traveling Public.
Please note that a superb line of FREE CHAIR CARS is now run between Lincoln and Chicago on trains Nos. 5 and No. 4, also that sleeping car berths or drawing rooms on the "Flyers," Nos. 1 and 2 may be reserved in advance at City Ticket Office, corner Tenth and O Streets.

A. C. ZIMMER,
City Passenger Agent.

The ladies of Lincoln have found it to their advantage to buy dress goods and trimmings of J. E. Miller. His stock this season is the largest and finest ever shown in this city and his grand sale has caused all Lincoln ladies to wonder. The prices are exceedingly low and the goods superb in quality and style.

What you need is a medicine which is pure, efficient, reliable. Such is Hood's Sarraparilla. It possesses peculiar curative powers.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has cured a great many cases of chronic diarrhoea that had withstood all other treatment for many years. It is undoubtedly one of the most valuable medical preparations ever discovered. For sale by W. J. Turner.

You will need new curtains when you get ready to clean house. Don't buy until you have seen the superb line for sale by ASHBY & MILLSPAUGH.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

A WEEK'S REVIEW AND PROSPECTIVE.

Amusements for Next Week.—The Booth-Barrett Engagement.

RAMÉ OF POSEB.
The Frank Queen company presented this old favorite to a small house at Funk's Monday evening. There are several fair actors in the company, but their presentation of the drama lacked the "go" and finish of Curtis' familiar manner. Mr. Queen was suffering from an affection of the throat and lungs, thereby rendering criticism of his acting inaccurate. He showed great familiarity with the part and his was a good copy of the original Sam'l. The company disbanded here, most of the members leaving for New York Wednesday, on account of Mr. Queen's serious condition.

ROLAND REED.
Never in the history of amusements in Lincoln was there such a charmingly entertaining and delightful play presented as that of "The Woman Hater," by Roland Reed and his strong company Thursday evening. The company did not arrive in the city until after 8 o'clock on account of an accident on the road, but the audience good-humoredly waited half an hour beyond the usual time for commencing the performance. It is difficult to say exactly what the plot of the play is, one loses track of it in the enjoyment of the piece. The comedy is refined, not relying on horse play for its success but appealing to the fineribilities. Mr. Reed is undoubtedly the best comedian on the American stage today, not even excepting Nat Goodwin. He is essentially an American comedian, possessing a sense and that peculiar quality of making a thing humorous essentially American. Mr. Reed has the good fortune to be surrounded by a strong company, and especially such charming ladies as Miss Alice Hastings and Miss Annie Lewis, whose delightful acting add greatly to the pleasure of the performance. Mr. Reed can draw on this city for anything he wants hereafter.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.
The New York society lady who some time since made her advent on the stage, and who has created a furor wherever she has appeared, will occupy the boards at Funk's tonight in "Romeo and Juliet." Mrs. Potter is supported by Mr. Kyrie Bellow, one of New York's most popular actors, and a company of great strength. Yesterday's Omaha Bee has the following to say of Mrs. Potter, who appeared in that city this week:
"Mrs. Potter is tall and slender, but graceful and willow in motion. Her face is finely chiseled and clear in its rare and delicate beauty. Her profile is daintily Roman, her eyes large and expressive, and a mass of lovely, light brown hair frames her classical forehead lightly. She has a sweet smile and constantly displays her exquisitely white teeth. Her hands are shapely and her fingers taper. It is possibly cruel to itemize such beauty in this way, but in this case all look for partialization. Her acting, about which so much curiosity exists, was fully as good as any one has a right to expect, and in some of the climaxes of "Loyal Love" she evinces much histrionic talent that yet promises great things for her. She is conscientious and painstaking, and, in consequence, deserves naught but the kindest criticism."

RECEPTION TO BISHOP BONACUM.
The Comus club will give a reception to Bishop Bonacum at Temple hall on Monday evening next. Nearly three hundred invitations have been issued. The occasion will likely be a very enjoyable one for the Catholic people of the city whose hospitality is well known. Bishop Bonacum is well liked by all his parishioners, and the reception will be a most cordial and enjoyable one.

Anything to Accommodate.
Husband—I can't stand this, my dear. There is nothing on the table fit to eat and I actually have not had a meal that did me any good for three or four days. I can't work and fast too, that's sure.
Wife—I know it, but what am I to do! The children are sick and I haven't time to prepare the meals myself.
H.—The girl can cook well enough when she wants to.
W.—Yes, but she doesn't care now. She's going away.
H.—Why, she hasn't been here much over a week. What's the matter?
W.—Her room faces south and she complains that she can't sit by her window and see what's going on outdoors without getting freckled.
H.—Well, my dear, we must live somehow. Ask her if she'll stay if I turn the house around.
W.—No, she won't.

Time to Leave.
"That farm seems to you to be sneering at, sir," said the indignant artist, "is valued at \$500. It is generally considered a fine painting. Allow me to ask you if you are familiar with works of art?"
"Not very familiar," replied the agriculturist, who was looking through the studio with his wife, "but I know something about the works of nature, young man; and when you make a cow that gets up from the ground by putting out her forefoot first you are doing something that nature never did. Come, Nancy, let's go."—Chicago Tribune.

A Correct Diagnosis.
Young Physician (diagnosing a case)—The trouble with you, sir, is you eat too much.
Patient—Doctor, what I eat wouldn't keep a bird alive.
Young Physician—Hump! I see, your system needs nourishment; you don't eat enough.
Patient—How much is it, doctor?
Young Physician—Two dollars, please.—The Epoch.

Threading the Mazy.
May I mark your card for the next party?—Miss Breezy?
Miss Breezy (consulting card)—Thanks, awfully, Mr. Gowest, you may have the one following, if you like. I see that Mr. R. Moor has corralled me for the next.—Texas Siftings.

Cutting the Knot.
There are heroic methods of cutting red tape. Would that we all had the courage to adopt them! At the beginning of the war the armory gate at Richmond was closed, and a sentinel was stationed there to deny admittance to intruders.
One day an old negro approached.
Sentinel—Halt!
Negro—What I gwine halt for?
"No one allowed in there."
"But I've 'bleeged to go. I got a note for de boss."
"No one allowed to go in there without a pass."
"But I tell you I've 'bleeged to go in. Mr. Annerson he sent me."
"Can't help who sent you; you can't go in."
"Well, den, you gwine de gun, and you take de note?"—Youth's Companion.

St. Paul and the Northwest.
Points in the above directions are reached best by the Elkhorn valley line. Connections are sure and the line most direct. Get tickets at 115 South Tenth street or depot, corner 8 and Eighth streets.

that both were in excellent spirits and acted with their customary artistic finish, intelligence and careful endeavor. Mr. Booth is, perhaps, a pathetic rather than a stern Brutus, making the character one of devotion and reading the text in a masterly manner. If Mr. Barrett is evenly strong in any one part it is Cassius. It fits him exactly, and consequently the character is admirably played.

The audience was decidedly demonstrative in its applause for Messrs. Booth, Barrett and Buckley, and at the end of the fourth act the two stars were called before the curtain five times. The mobs were unusually well managed, and by their action displayed some knowledge of what they were expected to do. Mr. Barrett is unrivaled as a stage manager in this country, and his staging of "Julius Caesar" showed his superior ability in that direction. The scenery was elaborate, handsome and picturesque. The performance was a magnificent one in every particular, and was evidently thoroughly appreciated by the fine audience present. "Julius Caesar" will begiven all the week.

Denver's Jubilee.
The opening of the Forth Worth road giving Denver an almost air line to the important seaport at Galveston, was an important event in the commercial life of capital of the golden state. The meeting of the International Cattleman's convention drew thousands of the leading men of Texas and adjacent states. The first evening opened with a grand ball at the Taber Opera house. The street in front was illuminated with innumerable lights of various colors for over a mile. Fully 5,000 tickets were issued.

Every part of this large opera house was crowded. The floor for the dancers extended not only over the lower floor but far onto the stage, and when the hour 8 was announced for the dancing to begin, the whole space was crowded with the best dressed people of Denver and the west in rich costume, and brilliant personal decorations and fine women. It is doubtful whether any eastern city could have surpassed the brilliancy of the occasion. The crush was so great that an over-floor ball was inaugurated in the rooms of the Board of Trade building.

THE PROCESSION.
On the second day of the jubilee there was a procession, representing all the trades and business of Denver. Every interest was represented. The procession started promptly at 2 p. m. and was three hours and a half passing a given point.

It was a splendid showing of the enterprise of a city, destined to become one of the great distributing points west of the Missouri. The vast mineral and other resources of the state and the large tributary territory, as yet but little developed, indicate a grand future for this metropolis in the mountains.

Warm Tracks in the Snow.
"There are some funny old characters among the Adirondack hunters. Old Duncan McDonald is one of them. He likes to get a city greenhorn into the woods and paralyze him with an astonishing knowledge of woodcraft and skill in tracking game. Dunk is one of the silent, mysterious fellows that you read about. He plays that on the greenhorns. One day he was out with a chap to go fishing through the ice. Dunk was poking along through the woods just ahead of the city chap when he saw a deer's track in the snow. He stopped short, motioned to the other fellow to hold up and looked sharply at the track, saying, 'Sh! Then he stooped down, picked up a handful of snow containing the mark of the deer's hoof, and said: 'Warm. Just gone.' The city greenhorn wasn't so green but what he told the story all around and got the laugh on old Dunk."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Latest Thing in Fads.
MRS. G. PANHANDLE LIGHTWEIGHT.
Friday evenings in April. Sparring at 10:30.—Life.

George's Cold.
George comes down to breakfast with a swollen visage. Whereupon mamma says to the 4-year-old: "Why, George, darling, don't you feel well? Tell mamma what the matter is."
George, full of influenza, replies: "No, I don't feel well. Bore of my eyes is leakin', and one of my noses don't go."—Harper's Bazar.

A New Name for Them.
One Sunday a lady friend of mine took her little niece to the Episcopal church for the first time and placed her in the infants' class. On the way home the little girl said to her aunt: "Auntie, did they pass around shovels in your class? They did in mine."—Boston Globe.

Threading the Mazy.
May I mark your card for the next party?—Miss Breezy?
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CARNIVAL OF MONTHS.

The Presbyterian Ladies Give a Unique Entertainment.

The Ladies Society of the Presbyterian church gave a most delightful entertainment at the church parlors Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Mrs. W. H. McCrea, president of the society, and Mrs. Millspaugh had general supervision of affairs, and much of the success is due to their indefatigable efforts. Each booth was appropriately decorated to typify a month of the year, and the effect on the whole was very pretty.

March was presided over by Mrs. Lyman and Mrs. Campbell, and the decorations were suggestive of what the past month was like.

April, the month of showers, typified by umbrellas, gossamers, and the like, was under the supervision of Mrs. Martland and Miss Minnie Latta.

May, the flower month, was in charge of Mrs. McCalhey and Miss Dena Loomis.

June, the month of roses, was exquisitely decorated, being presided over by Mrs. Scott and the Misses Musser.

July inspired patriotic feelings from the profuse intermingling of the stars and stripes. Mrs. Hodgman presided as goddess of liberty, and was assisted by Mrs. Waite and Mrs. Sawyer.

At the August booth ice cream was served by Mrs. Patrick and assistants. The decorations were suggestive.

September, in charge of Mrs. Chambers and Mrs. Frank Hall, was garnished with grasses of various kinds, and fruits and nuts dispensed.

The October booth was the home of the gypsies, who were under the leadership of Mrs. Pratt and Miss Barry, and all appropriately costumed. Many embraced the opportunity of crossing the hands of the ladies with silver and peering behind the mystic veil of the future.

November represented the solid part of the entertainment, namely the supper, and was well patronized. Mrs. Dr. Bowman and assistants were in charge.

December, presided over by Mrs. Rewick and Mrs. Smith, represented santa claus time, and dispensing sweetmeats was their occupation.

January was presided over by Mrs. Harmer, whose assistants dispensed freshly popped corn.

February was the postoffice booth, and many missives, tender and otherwise, were delivered to anxious inquirers by Mrs. Griffith and Mrs. Dr. Griffin.

The ladies are to be congratulated on the success of their entertainment, which was one of the most enjoyable given in the city.

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A New Name for Them.
One Sunday a lady friend of mine took her little niece to the Episcopal church for the first time and placed her in the infants' class. On the way home the little girl said to her aunt: "Auntie, did they pass around shovels in your class? They did in mine."—Boston Globe.



She (after the theatre)—I see that strawberries are on the bill of fare, George.
He (nervously)—Yes; but they are very sour at this season of the year.
She—Of course; but I think I will take a few, even if they are sour. One cannot expect strawberries to be at their best in March, you know.—Life.

An Indian Boy's Composition.
Here is a composition written by Fred Big Horse, a smart 13-year-old Sioux boy, who has been a year or two at the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. Fred is evidently out for a newspaper humorist. The title of the composition is "Monkeys," and this is what he writes about them: "There are many kinds of animals. Monkeys and monkeys, etc. The monkeys are very much like a monkey, too. The monkeys can climb a tree like a monkey. They have long fingers like a monkey. The monkeys have long tails and long bodies like a monkey. They often play a merry game and sing a merry song like a monkey. Once upon a time my friend and I were young men that time we took a trip we started off from Dakota and away we went and then we went to South America. There we saw the monkeys and monkeys everywhere on the trees screaming and chattering everywhere on the trees. They were very cheerful like monkeys. We saw all kinds of monkeys in South America; we caught a ship load of them and brought them back to the United States and sold them for so much money. They took the money to buy a big balloon and it blew away. Then we had no monkeys, no money and no balloon."—New York Sun.

Cheaper to Move.
A stranger in Fort Worth, Tex., was struck by the sign, "Commercial Detective Agency," that was painted on the doors of offices all over the town. Speaking to a citizen of the place, he asked if this agency was not a large affair, saying that they seemed to have offices all over town. "Ah, that is old Bill Bowers," was the reply. "He finds it cheaper to move than to pay rent."—Detroit Free Press.

Nervous.
Mrs. Kendrick (the landlady)—Is your seat comfortable, Mr. Dumley, or are you too near the fire?
Dumley—No, I am not too near the fire, Mrs. Kendrick, but I think I am—a—bride too near the butter.—Drake's Magazine.

St. Paul and the Northwest.
Points in the above directions are reached best by the Elkhorn valley line. Connections are sure and the line most direct. Get tickets at 115 South Tenth street or depot, corner 8 and Eighth streets.

Cutting the Knot.
There are heroic methods of cutting red tape. Would that we all had the courage to adopt them! At the beginning of the war the armory gate at Richmond was closed, and a sentinel was stationed there to deny admittance to intruders.
One day an old negro approached.
Sentinel—Halt!
Negro—What I gwine halt for?
"No one allowed in there."
"But I've 'bleeged to go. I got a note for de boss."
"No one allowed to go in there without a pass."
"But I tell you I've 'bleeged to go in. Mr. Annerson he sent me."
"Can't help who sent you; you can't go in."
"Well, den, you gwine de gun, and you take de note?"—Youth's Companion.

Threading the Mazy.
May I mark your card for the next party?—Miss Breezy?
Miss Breezy (consulting card)—Thanks, awfully, Mr. Gowest, you may have the one following, if you like. I see that Mr. R. Moor has corralled me for the next.—Texas Siftings.

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George's Cold.
George comes down to breakfast with a swollen visage. Whereupon mamma says to the 4-year-old: "Why, George, darling, don't you feel well? Tell mamma what the matter is."
George, full of influenza, replies: "No, I don't feel well. Bore of my eyes is leakin', and one of my noses don't go."—Harper's Bazar.

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